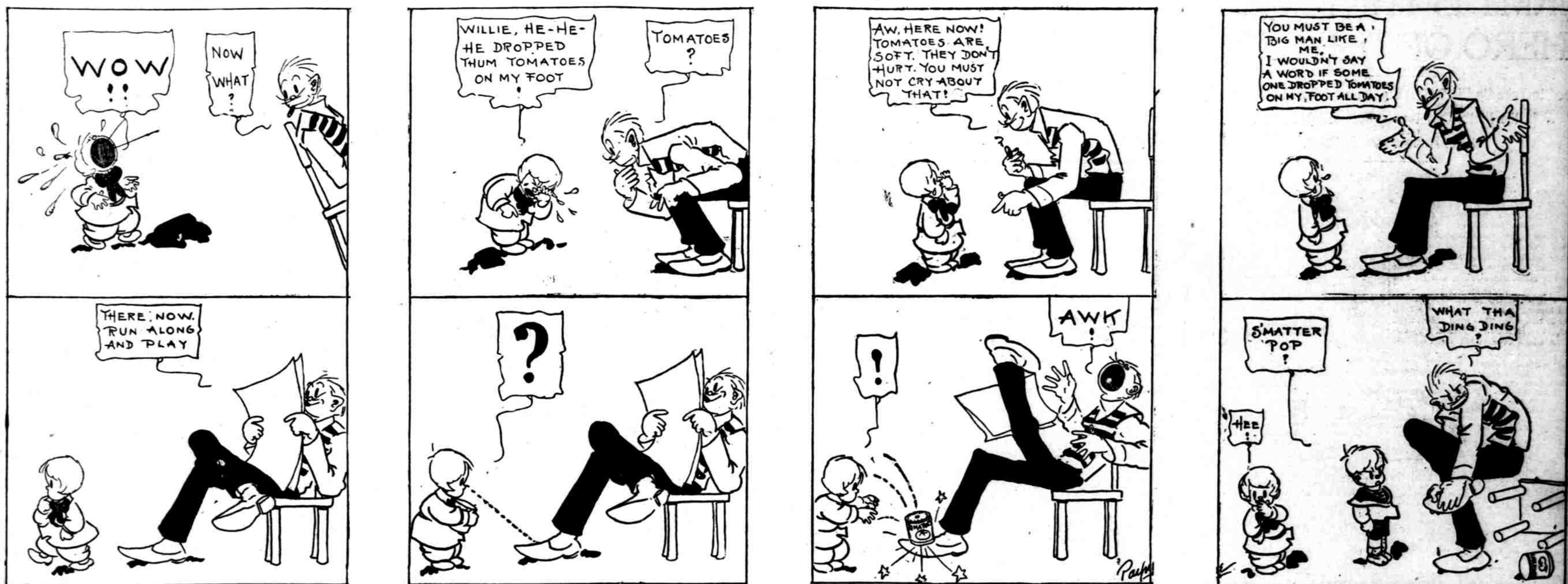


"S' MATTER, POP?"



EAT 25,000 QUARTS OF ICE CREAM DAILY

Washington People Consume Enough Each Week to Fill Dome of the Capitol.

It was just a step from July to January. On the Twelfth street sidewalk, a barefooted pickaninny sported just as few clothes as the law allows, but separated from the world by two heavy doors, a dozen feet away, was Jack Frost's throne room, where a thermometer showed a temperature of 9 degrees below zero.

White frost covered the walls to a depth of several inches and hung in pendants from the ceiling. The victor's breath made a cloud of steam, and when he touched an iron door handle it was so cold that the effect was like a burn. The chill crept up the legs of his summer trousers and slid down the collar of his pongee shirt. He shivered and backed out of January into July, and the heat was grateful.

No, dear friend with a palm leaf fan, this was neither a dream nor vain imagining. It was simply a visit to the cold room of one of the big ice cream manufacturing plants that supply the Capital with those vari-colored and multi-flavored delicacies that are more of a necessity than a luxury. A summer without ice cream would be like one without baseball—or bread.

From the time the urchin gloats over his first ice cream cone this morning until the last cold soda is served at the corner drug store tonight, Washington will have eaten 25,000 quarts of ice cream. This sounds like a big dish for the city to imbibe in one day, but it is only about one-sixth of a pint per capita.

If you should invert the dome of the Capitol, fill it to the brim with ice cream, top it off with a cherry, the size of the gold dome of the Congressional library, and serve it to the Goddess of Liberty with silver spoons that would reach across Pennsylvania avenue you might get an idea of how much ice cream the city will eat this week.

Or if you made a thin cake of pastry that would cover the District building, rolled it into a piping roll of rich cream, high as the New Willard Hotel, filled it full of cold strawberry richness till it drops as big as a moving van run down its sides, and then handed it to some Brobdignagian school boy and stood at a safe distance and watched him guzzle it, it might convey to you how much ice cream Washington is going to eat in July.

It was more than thirty years from the time the cornerstone of the Washington Monument was laid until it was dedicated, but if all the ice cream eaten this year in Washington and its suburbs were to be made into bricks they would be built into a tower no less imposing—

If the weather stayed cold enough—

Such a massive pile would be a creamy yellow to a height of about 175 feet, and it would have a rich vanilla flavor. Above this to a height of seventy-five feet would rise the ruby strawberry section, topped in turn by seventy-five feet of dark chocolate cream. The remainder would be made up of many hues and flavors, including peach, caramel, burnt almond, maple-nut and orange and lemon ices.

The largest manufacturer of ice cream in Washington is the Chapin-Sacks Company, whose fourteen electrically driven freezers can turn out 3,000 quarts of "Velvet" cream in an hour. Its daily output is about 15,000 quarts. The Fussell Company, of Fourteenth street, 1,600 quarts daily. Smaller concerns and private families make about 3,000 quarts a day.

Each of these concerns has its own refrigerating plant and uses motor-driven, brine-cooled freezers. The cream is frozen until it is of the consistency of thick molasses and is then drawn into cans and placed in rooms where the temperature is from zero, Fahrenheit, to ten below, where it hardens in a few hours. The three firms named make about 90 per cent of the cream used in the city.

"Washington has the purest ice cream made in the world," said C. H. Young, manager of the Fussell Company. "Nowhere else do the manufacturers take as much care of their product or pay as much attention to sanitation as here, and I speak for our competitors as well as my own firm."

At the Chapin-Sacks plant, Dr. C. H. Griffin has a fully equipped laboratory, and he tests every consignment of cream that comes in from the three dairy farms operated by that company. From the time the thick cream is poured out of the cans in which it arrives until it is delivered as ice-cream, it is handled entirely by machinery, and everything is sterilized with live steam daily.

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY THE GOLDEN GATE

A Serial in Five Parts—Part I.
By WM. BROWN MELONEY.
(Copyright, 1912, Frank A. Munsey Company.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

NEITHER had observed Chang for some time, but now Emily looked up at him and was startled by the steadiness with which his gaze was fixed dead ahead. He stood tense like a hunting dog at a point, his nostrils twitching nervously. Rowgowski followed the direction of the giant's gaze, but could see nothing. Emily started to speak to Chang, but her lips opened only to gasp.

"Land ho!" cried Chang. "Where away?" answered Lavelle, leaning to his feet. "Two points—starboard bow, master," and Chang pointed one of his powerful and sinewy arms straight ahead.

Emily, Rowgowski and the coolie sailors looked eagerly in the direction which he indicated, but could see nothing. They turned toward Lavelle, who, with his hands shading his eyes, was driving his gaze toward the southwest. The tenacity of the moment was terrific. It impinged upon him in every glance. He was the commander—his was the task to bring this boat to land; his was the responsibility. They saw his lips move as if he counted something. As he finished he dropped his hands.

"It is land," he said, speaking directly to Emily, his voice trembling. "We should be up with it before sunset, Miss Granville. God grant it means your success—your deliverance."

"What land is it?" she asked eagerly. "I don't know. It puzzles me. I saw you counting—it was that."

"Trees—I was able to make out three." Turning to Chang, he said: "Haul her up until you bring the land two points on a lee bow and then let her go."

Emily noted that Lavelle's voice rang with genuine happiness. With the enthusiasm of a boy Lavelle next ordered a drink of water for all hands in celebration of Chang's discovery. Never was a health in rare wine drunk with finer appreciation than the simple tepid draft which these waiters quaffed from a tin cup.

Lavelle took the helm himself, and a half-hour before sundown fetched a low-lying island which appeared to be between three-quarters of a mile and a mile long from north to south and about a half mile broad. It had a rise in its center like a camel's hump, and this the lower land around was sprinkled with coccinellid palms. There was not a visible sign of life.

Emily, standing alongside of Lavelle as they came within sound of the sea, breaking against the island's weathered shore, saw the light of the boat's searchlight beam upon the water. The land was brown and raw-looking. The wind was heightening. This fact, in combination with the swift approach of darkness and the unweatherly qualities of the boat, determined him to abandon a momentary impulse to seek the lee side of the island.

Just to the southward of the hump or camel's back Chang sighted what seemed to be a beach. With the coolie and Rowgowski at the oars, Lavelle laid the boat toward this point bow on, taking the precaution to drag the sea anchor astern so as to prevent her from broaching to in the heavy sea that was making.

Chang, with the painter in his hand, leaped ashore as the boat grounded. One of the coolies followed him, and the other two remained in the boat. Lavelle took a running leap from the bow of the boat and landed beside the painter, who pulled the craft safely clear of the water. Then he ran back and before he would permit the others to leave he had handed Emily ashore.

As Lavelle released the precious weight he felt the ground under him wobble. Emily staggered where she stood and reeled against him. "Land," she said in innocent embarrassment and with an attempt at a smile.

CHAPTER XI.

No Boat.

LAVELLE caught Emily by the arm as the island's heaving reeled her against him, and he held her. The tense, startled expression which she saw in his face drove the faint smile of embarrassment from hers. It frightened her.

She followed his glance, which was sweeping their surroundings. They were standing in what had evidently been the bed of a large brook. It gullied its way clear across the island from east to west, following the base-line of the hill.

"What is it?" Emily asked in dismay. "Something is wrong, Captain." Before Lavelle could form an answer he saw the light of the boat's searchlight beam upon the water. The land was brown and raw-looking. The wind was heightening. This fact, in combination with the swift approach of darkness and the unweatherly qualities of the boat, determined him to abandon a momentary impulse to seek the lee side of the island.

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Lavelle made no answer. His worst fears were true. They had landed on a floating island. Any moment might see it engulfed.

Wind which whipped his face seemed to chuckle in high glee. To drive the heavy boat through that surf and back to sea was a task which seemed to him to be beyond the force at his command. Nor could that crew get it across the island to make a launching from the lee side.

Despair enters the breasts of strong men only to fuel their fires of determination. So it was with Paul Lavelle. Emily saw the gleam of resolution succeeding it. His jaw set again in its familiar line of purpose. Thus she had beheld him on the deck of the doomed Cambodia. Thus he had looked as he had come to her that night.

"We must put to sea again," said he, facing her quickly, and in his tenseness pressing the hand with which she was clinging to him. He read her apprehension. "Morning may see this bit of earth mixed with the ocean. It is but a piece of waif land—a thing without an anchorage—something torn from its mother mass by the ocean in anger. For us it is a trap—one of the sea's countless treacheries."

He glanced over his shoulder at the surf.

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Carroll Institute to Hold Outing July 28

The date for the annual outing of Carroll Institute has been set for July 28, two weeks from today, when the steamer St. John will carry the excursionists to Indian Head, Md. President James F. Shea, of the institute, has appointed a general committee to make arrangements for the excursion, and the sub-committees have been named as follows:

Reception committee—T. D. McCarthy, chairman; Dr. William F. Kemler, Lawrence Morgan, A. J. Wolfe and Dr. J. J. Madigan. Dance committee, Charles J. Dean, chairman; H. J. Zilliox, Francis Donovan, Charles J. Osborne, and John L. Sullivan. Publicity committee, H. A. Marsden, chairman; Howard P. Lodge, M. H. Lynch, F. V. Crowley and T. A. Hanford.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Thomas Graham, a twenty-three year old boy, with \$100, practiced economy by sleeping in subway trains for a nickel a night and now has a free bed in the workhouse.

For 18 years Resinol has been a doctor's prescription and household remedy for eczema, ringworm, rashes and other skin eruptions, sand-druff, hives, acne, etc. Stops itching instantly. Resinol Ointment (10c) and Resinol Soap (25c) are sold by all druggists. For sample of each, write to Dept. H.S., Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY MOMENTOUS AFFAIR

Rain Tomorrow May Mean Continued Showers, If Old Superstition Holds.

Keep an eye on the barometer tomorrow for it's St. Swithin's Day, and if the weather should happen to be unpropitious on that day, and the old signs do not fail, a great many summer vacations may be spoiled. St. Swithin's is the summer "ground hog's day," and like the latter, it is not regarded in an unfavorable light as in the old days. Back in the days before everybody took the daily papers, there was a popular belief that whatever kind of weather happened on St. Swithin's Day would continue daily for forty days without fail.

St. Swithin, an English bishop who died on July 2, 862, left orders that he should be buried in the middle of the road, so that passers-by could tread upon him and keep his spirit duly humble. On July 15, 971, King Ethelbert ordered that the body be removed to the Cathedral of Winchester.

But on the day St. Swithin's bones were carried to the cathedral great downpour of rain came and it continued for forty days. Taken as a manifestation of the good bishop's disapproval of the act of removing his remains, every year on that anniversary the weather was watched with extreme care.

For centuries, doubting Thomases have held their attention called to the following old poem, which has been cited as a proof of St. Swithin's wizardry:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain. St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain no more."

Will be yours if you will permit Dr. Wyeth, the Painless Dentist, to treat them for you. Get acquainted with me and my methods. It's a pleasure to come here to have your teeth treated, as my methods are absolutely painless and you are made to feel perfectly at home.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain

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SUBURB WANTS ITS ROADS IMPROVED

Congress Heights Has Twenty-one Streets Its Citizens Want Repaired—Anacostia Masons Will Give Picnic at Colonial Beach—News Notes From Anacostia.

WASHINGTON TIMES BUREAU. ANACOSTIA, D. C., July 14. The Congress Heights Public Improvement Association will ask for the first hearing before the new board of Commissioners.

The association has a list of twenty-one streets that it believes are in urgent need of improvement. The Commissioners will be asked to include this number of streets, comprising all the important highways around Congress Heights, in their next estimates to Congress. The association wishes to have a conference with the Commissioners in order to explain why such a large number of streets need improving and to urge that the suburbs' claims be presented to Congress.

Interest in Masonic circles in Anacostia this week centers in the excursion to be given on Thursday to Colonial Beach by Elmer Chapter No. 2, Order of the Eastern Star. The committee of arrangements is composed of Elmer E. Phillips, worthy patron; Milton J. Phillips, and Simon Rube.

The program includes races for fat women, potato races, sack races, three-legged races and a baby show. A prize will be given to the winner in each event and the prettiest baby will receive a handsome one. Talent has been secured for a musical and literary program when the society makes the return trip at night.

St. Teresa's Parish will open its lawn party tonight in the moving picture park in Nichols avenue, near W street. The women of the Altar Society will have charge of the fête.

Altar boys of St. Teresa's parish, whose ages range from eight to fourteen years, gave a lawn fete to obtain money for St. Teresa's school fund. They managed the lawn party themselves, collected donations, and attended the various booths. They were thanked publicly yesterday from the pulpit of St. Teresa's Church, where credit was given to John Whelan and Martin Schubert for leadership in the movement.

Miss Lucy Cropp has returned to her duties in the office of the Government Hospital for the Insane, after a visit with friends in Alexandria, Va.

Arthur Logan, colored, twenty years old, sought refuge in Anacostia when pursued by constables from Prince George county, Md., by whom he was wanted for assaulting a citizen of that section. Logan was located in Anacostia by Sergeant C. J. P. Weber, and delivered to Sheriff Arthur Suit yesterday.

Mrs. W. E. Slaughter and two children, of Richmond, Va., are visitors with the former's sister, Mrs. Edward J. Newcomb, 422 Nichols avenue, Congress Heights.

Sailing with W. W. Price on Saturday for Europe were his daughters, Misses Kathleen, Eva, and Essie Price. They will visit Switzerland, France, and England.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA Tonight at 8:15 Matinee at 2:15

THE COLUMBIA PLAYERS In William Gillette's Starring Civil War Drama, "Secret Service"

Next Week—"A CONTENTED WOMAN."

POLIS Mr. S. Z. Poli Presents the Best Stock Company in America.

The Popular Pol Players in MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Beautiful Autographed Souvenirs at the Thursday and Friday Matinees.

NEXT WEEK—MADAME SHERRY.

GLEN ECHO ADMISSION FREE 50-AMUSEMENTS-50

NEW MIDWAY FUN SPOTLIGHT DANCING

Circus Grounds 15th & H. E. Tonight at 8:15 SHOW FIRST PAIN'S Gorgeous Firework Spectacle

Last Days of POMPEII 300 Performers Seats on Sale 10 Cents First 5 Cents

Merchants & Miners Trans. Co. BOSTON-NEW CASTLE TOUR

Ten-Day Trip Personally Conducted \$50.00

Including necessary expenses, leaving Baltimore Wednesday, August 20. A most charming trip. Send for itinerary.

BOSTON-NARRAGANSETT PIER TOUR. Eleven-Day Trip Personally Conducted \$52.00

Including necessary expenses, leaving Baltimore Wednesday, August 20. A most charming trip. Send for itinerary.

W. F. TURNER, P. T. M., Baltimore, Md.

SUMMER RESORTS

Hotel Braddock Modern Summer Hotel. W. L. Shepard, Manager.

"THE AVALON." On Catoctin mountain, altitude 1,200 ft. pure air; good water and no mosquitoes. Modern conveniences. For terms, etc., apply MISS LAMAR, Braddock Heights, Frederick Co., Md., garage attached.

THE SYLVIA New 20-room cottage; magnificent view modern conveniences; country board. Reasonable. MISS LAMAR, Braddock Heights.

STANHOPE COTTAGE NOW open for the season; first-class rooms; fine food; excellent table; moderate rates. THOS. COBLENTZ.

THE ADLINGTON BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, MD. Beautiful scenery, breezy and healthful surroundings; excellent table; moderate rates. THOS. COBLENTZ.

BRADDOCK HEIGHTS, Md. Mary's Place. Beautiful view of the Potomac. TICKETS AT R. O. OFFICE.

Love Point, Md.

HOTEL LOVE POINT LOVE POINT, MARYLAND. Surrounded by Chesapeake Bay and Chesapeake Sound. Beautiful view of the Potomac. Excellent cuisine; seafood in abundance; wash by rates. \$10 up; day rates, \$12; excursion rates, \$15. Buses daily, morning and afternoon; also lights and vittals 5 miles walk of pier. W. L. SHEPARD.

Bethesda, Md.

HOTEL BETTERTON Beautifully situated on Chesapeake Bay; excellent cuisine; seafood in abundance; wash by rates. \$10 up; day rates, \$12; excursion rates, \$15. Buses daily, morning and afternoon; also lights and vittals 5 miles walk of pier. W. L. SHEPARD.

Rehoboth Beach.

HOTEL HENLOPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER—SEASON 1913. Beautiful view of the Potomac. Excellent cuisine; seafood in abundance; wash by rates. \$10 up; day rates, \$12; excursion rates, \$15. Buses daily, morning and afternoon; also lights and vittals 5 miles walk of pier. W. L. SHEPARD.

Ocean City, Md.

ATLANTIC HOTEL Finest and best equipped on Beach; modern; large room; J. W. POWELL & J. L. L. Virginia.

GREAT FALLS Free Baiting Amusement Cars leave 30th & M Sts. ROUND 35c TRIP Temperature at Blount, Va. today 69

Colonial Beach.

JOHNSON HOUSE, Colonial Beach, Va. on the Boardwalk; open for the season. Special rates for large parties. P. O. Box 28. GEO. E. JOHNSON, Prop.

Atlantic City.

Marlborough-Blenheim ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Joseph White & Son, Managers.

BERKSHIRE INN Always Open. Special rates for large parties. P. O. Box 28. GEO. E. JOHNSON, Prop.

Excursions

VACATION TRIPS Old Point Comfort Virginia Beach Ocean View New York and Boston By Sea See Mr. White at 731 15th St. N. W., Woodward Bldg. Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Co.

THE THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE will do well to consult daily the numerous and unusual bargains offered in The Times "For Sale-Miscellaneous" Column on the Want Ad pages.

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PIMPLES and blackheads disappear, unsightly complexions become clean, clear, and velvety, and hair health and beauty are promoted by the regular use of Resinol Soap and an occasional application of Resinol Ointment. These soothing, healing preparations do their work easily, quickly and at little cost, when even the most expensive cosmetics and complicated "beauty treatments" fail.

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